

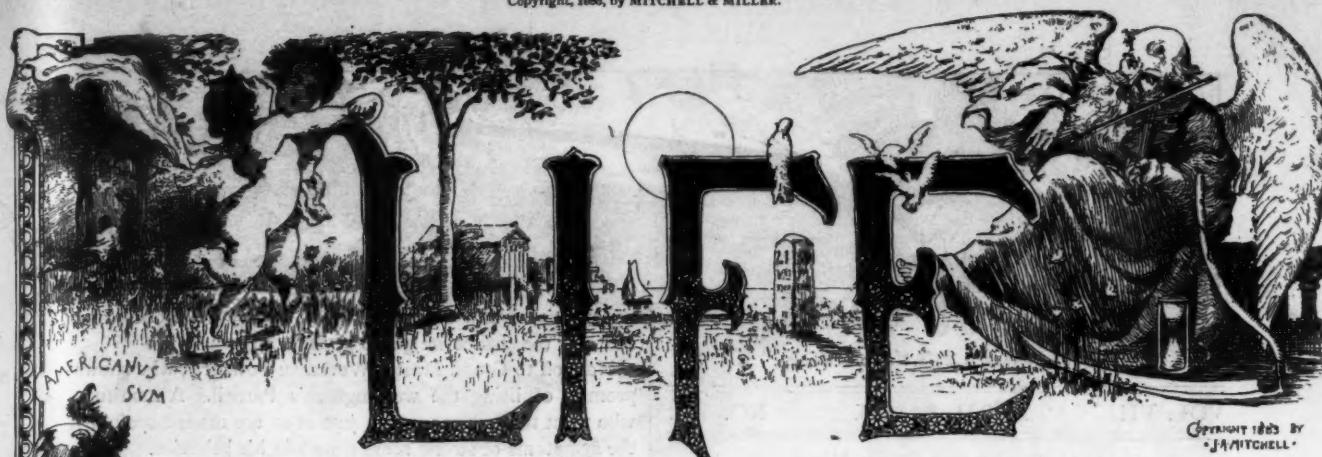
VOLUME VII.

NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1886.

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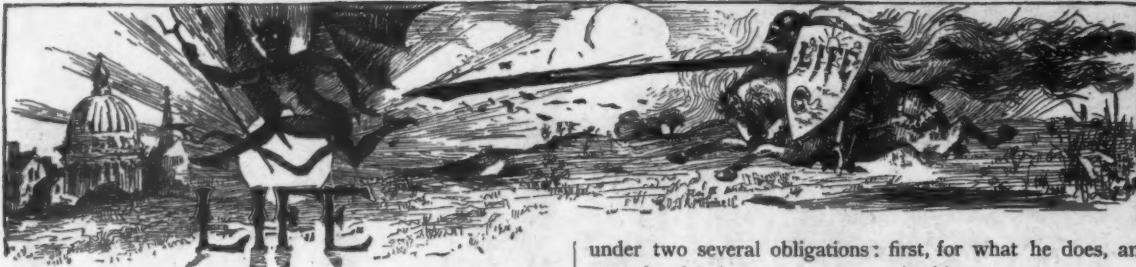
ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY
Ten Cents a Copy



SHALL WE NEVER HEAR THE LAST OF IT?

Fred (who has just offered himself): AND YOU WON'T MIND, WILL YOU, IF WE BEGIN ON A MODERATE SCALE? AS I STILL HAVE MY FORTUNE TO MAKE.

She: OF COURSE NOT. AND I DO SO WISH WE HAD KNOWN THIS BEFORE THE MORGAN SALE, FOR I SHOULD BE PERFECTLY SATISFIED TO BEGIN WITH SECOND-HAND THINGS.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. VII. APRIL 8, 1886. NO. 171.

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

IT must be an interesting reflection for our eminent fellow-townsman, Mr. Jay Gould, that scarcely any accusation of dishonesty can be brought against him which would appear upon the face of it absurdly improbable. When some especially atrocious bit of knavery is laid to him, men do not say "nonsense!" They turn it over in their minds and consider whether it was a physical and chronological possibility for Mr. Gould to have been guilty, and whether the action guilt involves would have been to his interest. If any one should say that, disguised as Judas, Mr. Gould had betrayed his Master, the accusation would drop because the accused is not yet one century old, much less eighteen.

* * *

IF it should be charged that he hit Billy Patterson, investigation would naturally tend to discover what valuables the man Patterson had about him at the time to make him worth hitting. When it was suggested last week that Mr. Gould was in collusion with Martin Irons to keep up the strike on his railroads, the intimation was considered in good faith as a piece of rascality quite in keeping with his character. A very curious person is Jay Gould and very singular is the regard in which the public hold him.

* * *

AMONG persons who have not personally suffered through his instrumentality there is no more resentment felt toward him than is toward a chicken-stealing fox, or a cat that brings a bird home. When Mr. Gould bags a new group of stockholders it seems only the working out of his natural spirit of depredation, and disinterested spectators have to check their own tendency to applaud.

All the same the idea that Irons and Gould were working together for their mutual good does not readily go down. It is a good deal easier to believe that Irons lacks understanding.

* * *

IT is not more human to err than to admire, but there are a dozen good chances for error to one for admiration. When a man comes out strong in an emergency he puts us

under two several obligations: first, for what he does, and next, for the chance we get to praise him.

Hats off to Grand Master Workman Powderly, who shows promise of being the workingman's Parnell. A multitude who want to see labor get its just dues are made hopeful by the symptoms of strong sense shown in his behavior.

* * *

EXAMINATIONS for admission to Harvard College are to be held this year in Paris. Germans will be examined as heretofore in Cincinnati and Chinese in San Francisco. The report has been printed but not confirmed, that an examining committee will travel during the summer with Mr. Barnum's excellent circus. Knowledge is power. Give your sons a chance.

* * *

TO a remark that electric invention must be about finished, Mr. Edison replied, "No, not one per cent. of it has been done." Since Mr. Edison's late discovery of the branch of electric research known as "sparking," he doubtless feels that as what he knew before was of comparatively little moment, so what he has since learned may be mere fly-speck on the disk of possible attainment.

* * *

ATTENTION has been repeatedly called to the striking likeness between the Poo-Bah's of the Mikado troupes and the prelates of the Holy Irish and Protestant Episcopal Churches, especially the latter. The fact is that our bishops have more style to them than any other class of men we can show. Our presidents are plain people; and senators and congressmen generally are very moderately puffed up; but dignity is the essence of the episcopal office. Poo-Bah is dignity incarnate: Hence the likeness.

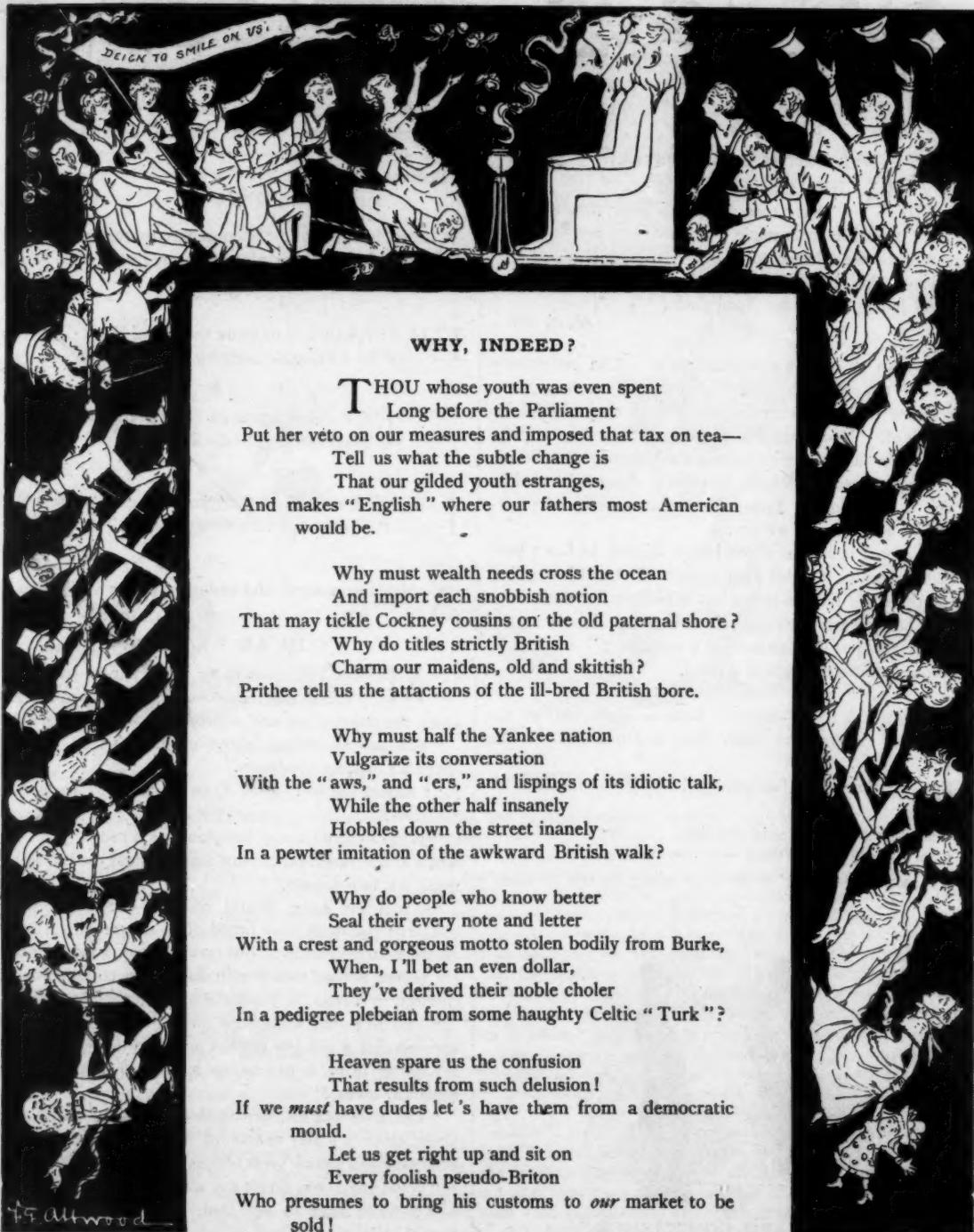
* * *

MR. BARNUM had bad luck with his weather last week and we are afraid those new uniforms suffered. This we regret, as our great American friend has our deepest sympathies in all his trials, and we take a corresponding joy in his happiness.

We shall all go to see him and hope to experience the same delight in the twelve-legged calf and the hundred-headed girl that we did in the brave days of yore.

Let the lions roar and the Irishman shake his plumed head over his tattooed and tawny skin; neither our money or our time will be wasted.

O, Barnum! Thou art the very sawdust of our nostrils; and the sweet clashing of thy band is harmony to our ears. May you live long and prosper and may the shadow of the "Greatest Show on Earth" never be less.





QUERY.

(FOR BOSTON PHILOSOPHERS.)

WHEN Shakespeare said
That "men are Aprils when they woo"
Could he have made
A recondite allusion to
Imply that, being Cupid's tools,
All loving swains are April fools?

H. E. W.

* * *

WE wish to correct a popular error. The purchasers of the Morgan collection are still at large and there seems to be a general feeling that they should be taken care of. Now, this is a mistake. They are not dangerous. The fact of a man having more money than brains and taking a boastful delight in paying thousands of dollars for a—well, a tin dipper, for instance—does not constitute him an enemy of society.

If that dipper is to him a peachblow dipper, he has a perfect right to prefer it to his own money. If he enjoys going several thousand dollars better on a picture in which Mrs. Morgan herself was outrageously swindled it by no means follows that he has the instincts of a murderer.

The ass is not a malevolent animal.

* * *

TWO New Yorkers alighted from a street-car at the Grand Central, the other day, and one said to the other :

"By Jove, that was a beautiful girl who got in last, was n't she?"

"Yes; she's a stranger in the city."

"How do you know?"

"She said 'thank you' to the man who gave her his seat."

* * *



"O! COWARD CONSCIENCE."

City Official, advancing: 'PEARS TO ME THAT POLICEMAN'S WATCHIN' ME RATHER CLOSE. GUESS I'LL RISK IT, THOUGH. (Policeman dreams on.)'

"——— ——— ——— ——— ?"

Because it's Lent.

* * *

AN exchange says: "Monopolies are reaching out further and further with alarming rapidity." The same may be said of bustles.

* * *

ELI PERKINS is to write the life of Tom Ochiltree. It will be a valuable addition to the fiction catalogue.

* * *

THE inside works of the sausage, tra-la,
Have nothing to do with the case.

* * *

JAEHNE now realizes the force of the quotation: "There is a time to prey and a time to weep."

* * *

A MAN may smile and smile and be an Alderman.

IN AN "L" CAR.

"MORNING. Anything in the papers to-day?"
Read this controversy going on in the *Herald* about the degeneracy and impropriety of our stage?"

"Yes, saw something about it, and it's true, too; things are in a shocking condition."

"I should say so! New York's getting to be worse than Babylon!"

"Why, I did r't know Babylon was a tough place; I was down at the Argyle there last summer and did n't strike anything but mosquitoes."

"O, not the Long Island Babylon—the one in the old country; you must have heard of it—Daniel in the lion's den, an' all that, you know. But now, do you know, our theatres are getting so bad that a man do n't dare to take his wife or children to them! It's scandalous! downright scandalous!"

"You're right; things are getting fearful. No play can succeed that's got any clothes on; nothing but tights! and it's hardly fit for a man to see, let alone his family! O, it's dreadful, awful!"

"Yes, it is fearful; and talk about tights! why, do you know, there's a play at one of our best theatres where the actresses do n't even wear trunks! O, it's too bad, too bad!"

"Good gad! you do n't say so! Not even *trunks*! Well, well! we'll have to see that, sure pop! Let's go this evening?"

"O, I've seen it, but I do n't mind going a—"

"Rector street! Fur's we go!"

R. K.

A WOULD-BE FASHIONABLE WEEKLY.

ONE part of prurient, one of lubricity,
All the stale scandals of London and this city;
Becoming each week just a bit more salacious,
With a maw for divorces extremely capacious.
Gossip of ninnies anent a new gown—
A fair sample copy of "*Slops of the Town*."
It will equal ere long, though it has not come yet,
In wealth, as in tone, the (Police) Court Gazette.

C. C. S.

TWO FOR A CENT—A couple of bloodhounds.

CARELESS.

"WHAT is it?" asked a waiter in an uptown restaurant, as he contemptuously poised a dime, which a gentleman had just given him, on his index finger.

"What is it? Why, it's a — Well, I'll be hanged," said the gentleman, interrupting himself and putting the dime back in his pocket, "if I did n't think I gave you a twenty dollar gold piece! I beg your pardon. It's my mistake."

DR. MARY WALKER was never known to give her seat to a lady in a street car. We suspect that Dr. Mary Walker is no gentleman.



HE HAUGHTILY BECKONS A SHRINKING CAPITALIST.

WHAT AILS US, ANYHOW?

BRIAN O'SHAUGHNESSY, a cold, sneering, laboring man, puffed up with power and swelling with the pride of position, haughtily beckoned a shrinking capitalist to approach and rub his boots with clay.

The serf obeyed.

O'Shaughnessy condescendingly chatted with the poor millionaire—unbending so far from his position of pride and artisan arrogance as to "chaff" the unfortunate one.

"D'y remember," said he, "how yous fellys used to make our b'yes shoine yer boots? Bedad! that day is pasht an' gone. Anny man ov standin' an' anny laidher av the paiple wears the boots av him shoined wid mud the day. Luck at me coat, wid me arrums out at the elbows! Sure that's proof that I'm not a mane, thricky capitalist, wid a bank account an' a fortune!"

"Sir," quoth the millionaire, giving an extra touch of mud to the heels, "do hot un-

duly oppress us. We have wives and children wearing out a wretched existence in our dwellings on Fifth avenue. We seek to meet your views, but the terrible power of labor makes our task very hard. We try to be patient in our spacious mansions, we strive to thank heaven for even terrapin and canvas-backs, but our lot is not easy to bear, and the unfeeling tyranny of the laboring classes—grinding the faces of the rich—makes us regret the day our ancestors came to this country."

"Faix!" said the man of power, "your anisters kem over a throifle too soon. Last come, first served. Thim that kem first must stand back an' give the last arroived the top place!"

"Then, kind sir," answered the trembling millionaire, "where do the Chinese come in? They are later than the excellent gentlemen from Cork, the elegant nobles from Hungary and Bohemia—even later than the glorious patricians from Italy. Are the Chinese to dominate because they began to flock to our

unhappy land later than our other foreign masters? Not that it matters to us—we, alas! are slaves to all."

"Yous Amerikins is the lowest bastes iver I saw," growled the proud Knight of Industry. "How dar ye talk of Chinayse! Did n't we ordher them out ov the country? Phwat right have they to come bechune us an' our worruk? They've no arrganizashun—no pollyticke infloence. Did iver ye see a bastely Mongolian leper an Aldherman, or a rum-mill kaper, or even an agitator or a stricker? They have no inergy, no religion, no rum—only jist worruk all day for wages and go to slape quoitly o' night—savin' money and doin' phwat they're paid for. Wud ye be ruled be the loikes ov them? Ah! ye're a low lot, yous Amerikins wid money! I do n't know what use can be made of yez, exceptin', mebbe, to pay taxes an' to vote for us. Ye have a grate dale o' money and ye talk a grate deal; but, begorra, yez have n't the power of arrganizashun—ye're always quarr'lin' wid ache other

One sez Republican, another sez Dimmicrat, another sez Probishin, an' others sez Free Trade and the civil knows phwat all, until yes have n't a leg to stand on. Hurry up with thim boots! D' ye think I'd stand talkin' to the loikes o' yous all day?"

"The boots are finished, sir," responded the man of wealth, with a sigh. "Here is a dollar."

"A dollar!" answers O'Shaughnessy; "a dollar! Is that all ye give me for blackin' me boots wid mud?"

"Nay, do n't be angry," says the wealthy one. "I do n't mean to offend, but really you gentlemen of labor change your prices so

frequently that I do n't quite know how much you expect."

"We expict," says O'Shaughnessy, with dignity, "every cint yes have, an' we'll git it, too, be the power av arrganizashun!"

As the cowed millionaire slunk away he muttered in broken accents "Oh! how I wish my poor fellow-suffering Americans could organize! But it is impossible. Alas! impossible! What can we do with nothing but intelligence, education and money? We cannot successfully cope with ignorance, brutality and poverty. Columbus and Washington meant well, but their lots were so differently cast from ours. Had Columbus found the

country dominated by Hungarians, Irish, Italians and other high flavored voters, he would simply have touched for wood and water and returned to Palos. If Washington had been compelled to deal with the policy of steerage statesmen and Castle Garden political economists he would have accepted his midshipman's commission in H. B. M. navy and prayed for victory."

And the wretched capitalist slunk to his lair in Fifth avenue and found his diamond-ringed wife in tears—discharged by a cook who had red hair, a temper of her own and a flounced dress of the vintage of 1876.

Manat.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

[WE have established this department with a view to supply our readers with succinct and convincing views on topics of public interest. Though called "Letters From the People," they are not to be the mere haphazard expressions of opinion solicited by many of our contemporaries, but will each and all be written by specialists of established reputation and will, moreover, be signed.—ED. OF LIFE.]

The Oregon Disaster.

LONDON.

The Editor of LIFE:

DEAR SIR—Would the *Oregon* have floated eight hours if she had a centre-board? The days of the "Skimming dish" are numbered.

Yours respectfully,

THE SPORTING EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Miss Cleveland's Letter.

Cablegram to LIFE:

LONDON, March 25, 1886.

She leaves nothing to the imagination.

DILKE.

The Bric-a-Brac Craze.

To the Editor of LIFE:

DEAR SIR—Will you see what you can do at auction with one bloom o' rye bottle nearly one hundred years old.

Yours, etc.,

EXECUTORS OF JOHN GOUGH.

Sir John Lubbock's One Hundred Books.

To the Editor of LIFE:

DEAR SIR—You are correct in your opinion that American literature should be represented in any list of one hundred great publications of the world. For Grote's "Greece" and Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" I should substitute "Adonis" and "Silas Lapham."

Yours, etc.,

RUSKIN.

APPEARANCES VERY DECEIVING.

YOUNG MAN: What a plump, pretty girl your friend Miss Smith is?

Young lady (somewhat astonished): Clara is pretty enough, but she is anything but plump. Why, she scarcely weighs ninety pounds. Where did you meet her?

Young man: At the toboggan slide.

Young lady: Oh.

THE MINISTER'S CHARGE—The marriage fee.



A ROMANCE OF BEEKMAN PLACE.

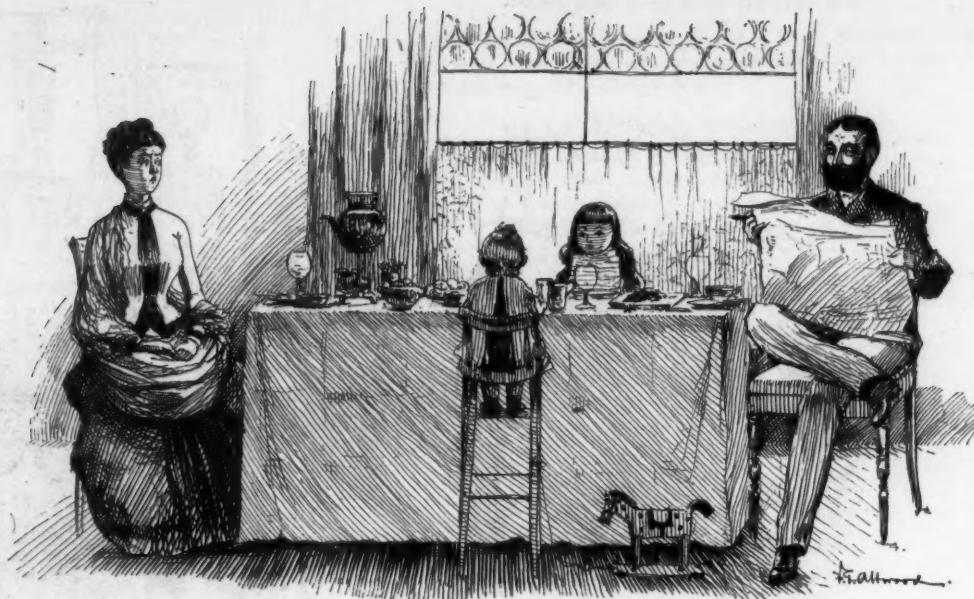
FREQUENTLY of late we have referred to the widow with a more or less gloomy past as the fashionable heroine of recent fiction. In Sidney Luska's (Henry Harland) new story, "Mrs. Peixada" (Cassell & Co.), she reappears more charming and mysterious than ever. In many of its features this story recalls Hugh Conway's "Dark Days." And yet it is no injustice to that ingenious romancer to say that "Mrs. Peixada" shows more intricate invention, with a finer eye for character and a more subtle insight into motives.

The reader's sympathy keeps pace with his interest in the plot, a fact which puts the story on a little higher plane than detective literature. It is a defect, perhaps, that one divines from the first that *Mrs. Lehmyl* is really *Mrs. Peixada*. The dramatic force of the scene, when her husband discovers this, is broken because we know what is coming. A more experienced writer would have given the reader also the benefit of the surprise.

The legal complications and their solution are handled with a dexterity which Mr. Harland has no doubt acquired through his work in the Surrogate's office. It is to be feared, however, that an Assistant District Attorney who would do so many extraordinary things for the sake of friendship would be an unsafe man in the office. It is hard to imagine what he might not do for a bribe. This is the weak point, technically, of the story.

* * *

M R. HARLAND has shown rare good judgment in choosing a corner of this great city and making it his own literary territory. There is nothing which stamps a trade-mark on a writer's work like a peculiar and realistic stage setting. We associate Bret Harte with the Sierras, Craddock with the Tennessee Mountains, Cable with New Orleans and Uncle Remus with Georgia. "Sidney Luska" has put real romance in the Jewish quarter which lies around Beekman Place. It may be remarked that the author has taken the best method of doing it well by living there himself. "Ivory Black" found in the artist's colony on West



AMBITION.

*He : JOVE ! I'D LIKE TO BE ONE !**She : ONE WHAT ?**He : CENSUS. IT EMBRACES SEVENTEEN MILLIONS OF WOMEN.*

Eleventh street an equally good locality for his stories. These successes show how rich this great city is in "material." There are almost unknown streets where every house is a romance. And yet our writers continue to paint over and over the same old colorless sentiments with conventional backgrounds !

* * *

MR. ANDREW F. UNDERHILL has collected two score of his poems in a neat and attractive volume entitled "Etchings in Verse" (Brentano's). The more ambitious of them are called "Songs in Minor Keys," and are the least attractive because least original. They are full of echoes from Poe. Mr. Underhill does not really like the "gloom" and "desolation" and "despair." He only "does it" in verse because it is an academical tradition that that sort of thing is the essence of poetry. But when he turns his muse to the sunshine and the girls his verses are bright, melodious and gently witty. "Denise," "Valerie," and "April and June," are gracefully etched, with just that touch of sentiment which warms the heart but never breaks it.

Droch.

LOOSE AMONG LITERATURE.

COUNTRYMAN (in book store) : My wife wanted me to git her some good magazine to read.

Proprietor : Yes, sir. How would the *Century Magazine* do ?

Countryman : Gosh, no ! She wants a monthly magazine.

SENSITIVE.

A YOUNG physician of New York refused to go duck-hunting with a party of friends the other day. He said the ducks were too infernally personal in their remarks when addressing him.

PEACHBLOW.

OH, I love a maiden fair—
With a wealth of curling hair
Of that golden tint that artists vainly seek ;
And there beams a love so true
In her tender eyes of blue—
And a thousand-dollar peachblow on her cheek.

Once I softly kissed her cheek—
And she looked demurely meek,
While I gently squeezed her little finger-tips.
But the bloom upon her face
Was false—as Mrs. Morgan's vase—
And I bore away the peachblow on my lips.

J. S. C.

CANNIBALISM AND THE CONGO.

THE natives of the Congo are threatened with a famine this summer; and close upon this dismal announcement comes the news that twenty missionaries have recently sailed for Africa.

LIFE



A GLIMPSE INTO THE WOMEN OF BOSTON

LIFE

BOSTON-MAN PERIOD

1920

CURIOSITIES



INTO THE FUTURE.

"HERE'S A STATE OF THINGS."

There are 60,000 more women than men in the neighborhood of Boston and the relative difference in the numbers of the sexes is gradually increasing.—*Statistical note.*

A LAS for man in Boston town ;
Alas for woman too ;
Alas, indeed, for all the race
If this assertion's true.
The future of the rougher sex
Seems very sad and drear ;
A coldish day for man, indeed,
Is surely drawing near.

In 1900 he will hold
A most unique position,
And stuffed within a case of glass,
Be placed on exhibition.
There at one dime this wonderful
And obsolete creation
Will draw full houses day by day
From all parts of the nation.

The ladies, when they've had their way
For, say, at least a quarter
Of one full century, will wish
That the supply of daughter
Had not been quite so large, and vote
That after all it's stupid
To rule the earth without a man,
And have no work for Cupid.

J. K. Bangs.





LIFE'S CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

SENATE.

APRIL 1st. The Senate adjourned out of respect to the day.

April 2d. Mr. Evxxts defined his position on the silver question to the extent of stating that he was ready to match silver dollars against bank bills for an indefinite period with any member of either Branch.

P. M. The Senate resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole to listen to a communication from Miss Cleveland on Back Hair.

April 4th. Sunday.

April 5th. Mr. Hxle of Maine announced that he had just received a telegram from Mr. Blaine, stating that he had guessed correctly the authorship of the "Bunting Ball," and was entitled to \$3 odd.

Mr. Plum of Kansas rose to a point of order, alleging that

it was not clear from the Senator's language whether Mr. Blaine or Mr. Hxle had guessed correctly.

Mr. Hoxx of Massachusetts referred to Mr. Howlxas as an authority for the ambiguous use of personal pronouns. He read extracts from "Silas Lapham" in support thereof, and said that the first speaker's remarks had been perfectly intelligible to him.

Mr. Colquitt of Georgia inquired if this were a covert attempt on the part of the Senator from Massachusetts to bring the copyright question before the Senate.

Mr. Hoxx repelled the insinuation.

Mr. Hxle begged to define his position. He said that the pronoun *he* always referred to Mr. Blaine.

(Prolonged applause and sensation on the Republican side.)

Mr. Bexk, of Kentucky, observed that the speaker was wandering from the point, and wished to ask what Mr. Blaine had to do with the proper use of the English tongue.

Mr. Logxn rose to remind the gentleman who had last spoken that Mr. Blaine had written a book.

Mr. Edxxnds moved the previous question.

Adjourned.



"CENTRAL PARK" was first produced in 1861. Mr. Wallack authorized the announcement that "Central Park" was a revival. I can't help thinking he made a mistake. If a man take the trouble to revive anything, it seems to be understood that the thing was worth reviving. "Central Park" was not. Age has not imparted bouquet. Dust has not prevented must.

If Mr. Wallack, in the pride of authorship, had asked his friends to a nice little luncheon to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of "Central Park's" death—its silver death, I believe—he would have done infinitely better than by the revival. The play, it is true, has been produced since 1861, but it was never anything to speak of.

There are five meaningless acts in "Central Park." The interest flags all the time. The plotlessness is not atoned for by racy dialogue; and the situations are so improbably contrived that they fail hopelessly in their apparent design. The charming little intricacies which Mr. Daly so thoroughly understands are crudely fashioned in Mr. Wallack's play. None of the rough edges are removed; the varnish of art is utterly wanting.

Mr. Wallack, according to my friends, the antediluvian critics, was extremely good as *Wyndham Otis* twenty-five years ago. He then had what Roscoe Conkling calls a "breezy affluence of dash." Now he is irretrievably and undeniably flabby. Flabbiness is the death of masculine comeliness. The handsome, flirtatious young rake who has a bachelor's den in Twenty-sixth street, appropriately fitted up with boxing gloves, tennis accessories, photographs and statuary, could never exist with baggy cheeks. It is incongruous. Faultlessly fitting trousers will not make an Adonis. Adonis, methinks, wore nothing but a sweet smile.

Mr. Wallack's company seemed to feel the triviality of the piece in which they had been cast. Miss Robe was hopelessly at sea as *Flora Myrtle*. Though the pretty actress could do nothing badly, it was evident that her part was absolutely unsuited, and not quite congenial either. Miss Sophie Eyre, as *Mrs. Kerr Flamberry*, failed to arouse any feeling, good, bad or indifferent. She was a nonentity, though her part was second only to that of Miss Robe. Her make-up was careless. Dabs of powder and paint are not becoming when used with indiscrimination.

Miss Blaisdell, as *Bridget Tooligan*, in spite of her exaggerations, was the most amusing element of the play. The men were distinctly feeble. John Gilbert, as *Kerr Flamberry*, was ill at ease, and William Elton, as *Robert Crutch*, did his best as the hackneyed imported valet. Ivan Shirley, as *Harry Dunsford*, was harrowing.

Alan Dale.

A QUESTION FOR DECORATORS—How can a frieze adorn a "warm interior"?

WILL MEET THE DEMAND.

ST. LOUIS DRUGGIST (to New York drummer): "I want that scented soap sent by express. The rest of the order can come by freight."

New York Drummer: "Stock of toilet soap low, eh?"

St. Louis Druggist: "Yes, and we are to have three nights of grand opera next week. Tell your people in New York to hurry it forward."

LOVE DISARMED.

ONE morn, while Love a-dreaming lay

Among the flowers, a sparrow
Flew down and quickly bore away
His tiny bow and arrow.

An empty quiver hung above
Where bees were gathering honey:
Ah, me! hearts bleed no more for
love,

And maidens wed for money.

Harold Van Santvoord.

A BANANA SKIN—The Italian fruit vender.

THE friends of Mr. Federici, of the Mikado Company, propose tendering him a testimonial benefit on Sunday evening, April the 11th, at Wallack's Theatre. The following artists have very kindly consented to assist:

Mme. Mathilde Cottrell,

Miss Mae St. John,

" Victoria Schilling,

" Elsie Cameron,

" Laura Clement,

" Lablache,

Mr. Kyrie Bellew,

Signor Perugini, Marshall P. Wilder, Jules Levy, Harry Pepper, George Thorne, Fred Billington, Ed Morris, Courtice Pounds, etc., etc.

LATEST DEFINITIONS.

MANUFACTURER—A man whose control of his own business is limited to paying the bills.

BOYCOTT—A benevolent institution imported from Ireland.

LABOR AGITATOR—A toiling workman who labors sixteen hours a day with his chin.

CAPITALIST—A villain who has accumulated something by his own industry.

STRIKE—An improved gun that wounds ten at the breech as often as one at the muzzle.

KNIGHT—A brave fellow who by a secret oath has parted with his personal liberty.

EIGHT-HOUR MOVEMENT—A charitable scheme for the benefit of saloons.

DISTRICT SECRETARY—A sovereign ruler who "orders out" those that would like to work.

LABORER—A suffering martyr from the tyranny of strikers.

STRIKER—A man having a "good time"—with a headache and an empty pocket the next morning.

Webster Superseded.



IT WAS OVER TEN DAYS AGO THAT WE SENT OUR CORRESPONDENT TO MAKE SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE OREGON. HE HAS BUT JUST RETURNED, AND THE ABOVE IS THE ONLY SKETCH HE BROUGHT BACK WITH HIM. HE SAYS THE DAMPNESS RUINED HIS DRAWING MATERIAL.



MAMMA, DID YOU THANK GOD FOR JUST COFFEE AND ROLLS?
YES, NELLIE.
UMPH! I WOULD N'T HAVE BOthered HIM JUST FOR THAT.

TWO ITEMS.

A FIRE broke out yesterday in the offices of *Buck*, and much valuable matter was destroyed. This week's number was entirely consumed by the flames.—*Daily Paper*.

* * *

ROASTED chestnuts are retailing at 12 @ 13 cts. per quart.—*Commercial News*.



AN IMPROVED FIRE DEPARTMENT.

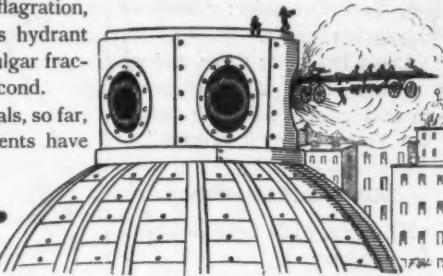
OUR cities are getting so large that even Maud S. and Jay-Eye-See could not pull a squirting machine to a distant tenement house fire in time to save the fresco, and even if the hook and ladder was attached to an elevated train it would not reach the scene until after some superfluous relative had been wildly tossed out of the fifth-story window. Flames can greedily devour yard after yard of costly kalsomine, and revel in rare hemlock wainscoting, ere the Croton leaps through the brown-paper glass to drive away the fire demon.

In London a novel system is being introduced, which will counteract this evil of long distances. A new City Hall is being built, with a revolving turret tower, having huge port-holes and guns. The guns are extra large mortars, and quite roomy enough to admit a modern fire engine.

A long pole (extending above all surrounding objects) will be erected at each fire-alarm box throughout the city, and same will be surmounted by a bright red disc.

Under this new system, when the patrolman touches the alarm the disc aloft vibrates rapidly, which attracts the eye of the watcher in the City Hall tower; whereupon the mortars are aimed at the red mark, the turret revolves, and as each gun reaches its proper angle the engine within is shot toward the conflagration, reaching its hydrant in a very vulgar fraction of a second.

At the trials, so far, some accidents have occurred, such as shooting the engine and men into



STARTING FOR THE FIRE.

the flames, lodging a hook and ladder in the telegraph wires, etc.; but time and practice at aiming will correct all this.

Another system for handling fires is now being discussed, which, if adopted, will revolutionize the old methods.

It is proposed to build a huge Fire Department balloon which will be stationed over the city. When a fire occurs the balloon will at once get into position above the burning building. Chains will then be passed under the house, and afterward attached to the air-ship, which will thereupon majestically rise, taking with it the whole conflagration. The balloon will then start for the ocean (or any large inland water), and, when over the sea, will lower the whole burning mass into the waves. (What remains of the building can afterward be recovered by divers and derricks.)

The great advantage of this plan is that it at once prevents a spread of the conflagration.

When the house is in the air, ladders will be lowered from the balloon to rescue any remaining inmates. This presents another advantage—i. e., people on the fifth floor will have the best chance of escape. (A recent trial presented the strange spectacle of people on the ground floor of the burning building, frantic at the prospect of not being rescued in time.)

When a tall building is on fire at the roof, and the streams cannot reach so far, it is now proposed to send up the engine on the elevator.

Wallace Peck.



"GETTING AWAY" WITH THE FIRE.



AS the car reached Westville an old man, with a long, white beard, rose feebly from a corner seat and tottered toward the door. He was, however, stopped by the conductor, who said :

"Your fare, please."
"I paid my fare."
"When? I do n't remember it."
"Why, I paid you when I got on the car."
"Where did you get on?"
"At Fair Haven."

"That won't do," said the conductor; "when I left Fair Haven there was only a little boy on the car."

"Yes," answered the old man, "I know it. I was that little boy."—*New Haven Morning News*.

"THAT's a queer name for a book," remarked a young lady in a bookstore to Mr. Martin.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Letters to Dead Authors." I wonder what it is?"

"Well, I can't say, as I have n't read it; but from its title I should say it was a request to the late Hugh Conway for more stories."—*Washington Critic*.

THE man who struck Billy Patterson is not dead. It is evident that he bought the \$18,000 peachblow vase and threw a brick at the *Oregon*.—*Philadelphia Times*.

AMONG the advertisements in a German paper appeared the following: "The gentleman who found a purse with money in the Blumenstrasse is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he is recognized." A few days afterward the reply was inserted: "The recognized gentleman who picked up a purse in the Blumenstrasse requests the loser to call at his house."—*Ex.*

HE stood by his cold hearthstone and pressed both hands to his throbbing temple while his glaring eye-balls rolled wildly. Poised in mid-air he saw a straw-colored dog with a blue tail; coiled upon the table was a bow-legged snake with a crimson tongue, while from his slippers peered green turtles who wagged their horrid heads. "Got 'em again," groaned the victim, but it was not so. His wife had been to the Japanese village and had not returned empty-handed.—*Boston Post*.

"WHY does a mustard plaster beat a kiss?"

Said little Johnny Toddle to his sister.

"Because, you see, a kiss is simply bliss,

While mustard plasters, do n't you know, are blister."

—*Dansville Breeze*.

WHAT with strikes and defaulting bankers and treasurers the lump in this country's throat never gets a chance to subside.—*Philadelphia Times*.

FOND parents should not forget that a child can shoot a pistol as hard as anybody—especially a pistol that is unloaded.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

CHICAGO rushed tumultuously to the "Black Crook" last week, while "Lohengrin" and "Faust" were sung to meager houses.

We infer from this that Chicago is satisfied with its ears, and wishes to prolong its favorite studies in feet.—*The Sun*.

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"Delightful * * * extremely clever."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

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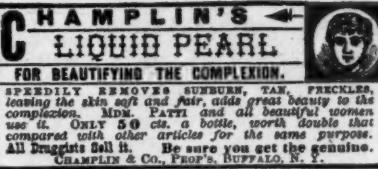


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